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The Time Traveller



time

travel

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Chapter 1 by Aaron Hartmann

Log#1

Doctor Greene, John

Year- 1821

I have almost perfected my machine. There are still a few glitches. Earlier today I found myself watching a Tyrannosaurus Rex walking through a forest. Now, I'm stuck in 1821 because on the last warp the time machine broke. I will have to use the technology here to fix it.

Dr. Greene, John signing off-

Chapter 2 by Spencer



Log #2

Doctor Greene, John

Year- 1890

I managed to fix the machine, though I still lack an energy supply. Using what little power I had left, I tried, unsuccessfully, to get to the 19th century. The machine took me to Paris, France. This was not interesting, so I decided to go to a more interesting place, on a sidewalk. This provides an opportunity for me to see the machine. They have... interesting comments. They group it with the eiffel tower, calling it ugly and unsuited to the

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running out of time. I should've been on my way weeks ago. I've been stalling too much. It's time to get back home.

-Dr. Greene, John signing off-

Chapter 4 by Maeve Dogmeat



Log #5 Doctor Greene, John

Year- 1890

I'm terrified. It's beyond words..

Today, I was running around the city, scavenging for equipment to repair my machine. I saw something out of the corner of my eye, but when I turned to look at it, it was gone.

It went on once every hour. The silhouette was black. I tried to ask other people, but they spoke French.

I grew more and more scared at every hour. The silhouette were coming closer and closer. It was a lanky creature, and his eyes glowed yellow.

At exactly 12:00, I saw it clearly, directly in front of me. Nobody else saw it.

Guys, I think I saw the Father of Time.

-Dr. Greene, John signing off-

Chapter 5 by Maeve Dogmeat



Log #6 Doctor Greene, John

Year- 1891

It has been a hectic year for me. Me seeing this creature which I suspect is the Father of has been of a frequent occurrence now.

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At exactly 12 pm everyday

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since the day I got the

envelope.

I still have the envelope from my future self. I haven't opened it, in case of a paradox. I think it is related to the Father of Time.

Today, I decided to open the envelope. My hands still shake from what I read from it.

Dear John,

I am you. However, this is no time to dilly-dally. I give you this letter to warn you.

You will open this the year of 1891 and write this letter the year of 3092.

You did not regain the control of your machine. It now stay one year at every place. Exactly one year. You have 10 days left in Paris.

I warn you about the creature. He is in fact not Father of Time. He is an advanced intelligent alien form. Only you can see him because you have travelled through different planes of time. He stuck on you, now feeding on your energy.

Notice your hair turning gray? That's him. He is making you age quicker every second. He feeds on fear.

Don't be scared of him.

I tried not to, but my time is coming. I will soon be in a grave, but you can change the future.

Don't be afraid.

Stay safe,

Future you.

I immediately burnt the letter. How can I conquer my fear? Fate has my future planned out for me. How can I change it?

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Questions flood through my mind. How can I change it?

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-Dr. Greene, John signing off-

Chapter 6 by Alexia Prilipceanu

Year 1895

Now I am in Nebraska. It's cold. It's my last day here, but I won't really miss the place. I tried to stay as "chill" as possible. (got it? cold outside, chill? No? No? Okay...). I think the yellow-eyed creature left me alone, at least for now. Things are getting weirder and weirder. My mind is blown. Instead of staying one year in each place, something different happens. I stay 365 days. Now, that's not so much of a big deal, but I already lost one day last year and I think something pretty interesting is going to happen in year.... hmmm..... in 364 years to be precise. I don't know what, but my only solution is to wait. Some giggling interrupts my thoughts. I'm teleporting faster! No! That can't be possible! My luggage is not ready yet!

I do my best to pick up the luggage right before I'm gone. Well, this is new. I don't really have time to pack if I start giggling. It lasts like one minute, then I'm gone. Cheap way to go. People think I'm going in another countries for bussines, but they really know nothing about it.

I started thinking, what if I can reconstruct the time machine? Is one year enough? More important, do I have the resources to do it? If I don't finish it, could I take it with me? These questions were more important than my life, really, and I couldn't remember how I did the last one, so, I'm kind of.... hopeless. The answer is time itself, but waiting isn't my favourite activity, sadly.

-Dr. Greene, John singing off-

Chapter 7 by ArchAngel

Log #8 Doctor Greene, John

Year- Unknown

Something strange happened... I was floating deep in a mercurial sea. Panic gripped me, was I lost in some other dimension or had my sanity finally snapped?

Not far off, a shoal of flickering silver fish swarmed together, swimming in my direction, or maybe I was floating towards them. Dark, hooded creatures with glowing yellow eyes, they could sense me.

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I remembered the warning from my future self, they feed on fear. I took deep breaths through my nose and calmed myself.

My hands gripped the controls, accidentally putting the air conditioning on full blast and flashing the distress signal. They scattered in all directions when the beam of light hit them... the light...

Log #9 Doctor Greene, John

Year- 1964

The lanky creature with glowing yellow eyes is back, each day at noon it hangs in the shadows. I feel a little drained and tired when it appears, but now I don't fear it, this stops me noticeably ageing.

I'm in New York, it's colder than Nebraska. I'm sat in the Russian Tea Rooms, blending in with other tourists. The Beatles are playing live in NY next month, I've got myself a ticket.

I've made a major breakthrough with my repairs, although the parts are admittedly a bit bulky. I think I can now control where the machine will go next, and I need to go to the future, Mega Lumina LEDs aren't available in 1964, and I have an idea.

-Dr. Greene, John signing off-

Chapter 8 by Maeve Dogmeat



Log #10 Doctor Greene, John

Year- 3092

My machine snapped me from New York and went 1,128 years into the future. I think it is getting worse now. It was after only one day when realization dawned on me. This is the year I'll write the letter to past me.

I searched the utopia for Mega Lumina LEDs only to find that they aren't supported. Everywhere my machine takes me I find I think it is trying to kill me.

I have gained control over the machine. We found a way to stop it. The light...

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-Dr. Greene, John signing off-

Log #11 Doctor Greene, John

Year- 3092

I feel like I'm drowning.

It gotten closer than ever before. I can smell its foul breath down my neck. I can feel it squeezing me. I can see it only mere feet away from me. I can taste death.

It wants me. Everytime it gets closer, I shine my flashlight on it. It works, for now. I need to stop past me from this, and I hope he didn't make the same mistakes as me. I take time for myself, and write him a letter.

-Dr. Greene, John signing off-

Log #12 Doctor Greene, John

Year- 1890

The machine knew where I wanted to go. It brought me back to year 1890, in front of the cafe I saw myself.

I calmy sit down, and wait for past me. I see him walk in, and I know all of the thoughts in his head now. I indirectly gave him the letter and explore the town. I saw it again, but I was not afraid. I know that the past me will change the fate deigned for me and overccome this creature. It gets closer.

That was when realization hit me. This alien form doesn't feed on fear. It feeds on hope. That tiny spark of hope, it feeds on.

As I sit here, writing this, I can feel it breathing down my neck. I can taste its eyes piercing my soul. It's getting closer.

Tell my wife I lo

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